WANTED: A MAN

CHARLES STELZLE

A DREAMER-ONE WHO SEES VISIONS.

A MAN whose horizon extends beyond the sordidness of life; one who is not dismayed by the dark shadows of slums and saloons, because in his dream he sees a city free from every contaminating influence, in whose streets little children will laugh and play because there is nothing to make them afraid.

WANTED: A MAN.

One who will not falter when the enemies of righteousness assail him with lies, nor when the friends who want peace at any price caution him to go slow for fear that he may "start something."

WANTED: A MAN.

One who has the courage to foregather with those who believe as he does about civic and social purity and justice and who is ready to make common cause against stand-patters, soft-treaders, sickly sentimentalists, and all that tribe that pretends to find comfort in the fallacy that "God's in His heaven—all's right with the world"—even though little children are needlessly dying, poverty-stricken women are wearing their hands thin and making their hearts sick by degrading toil, and when whole communities are living below the level demanded by a decent civilization.

WANTED: A MAN.

A man, who having seen the mountaintop vision of a city made glorious because it has been purified through the wholesome efforts of its citizens, will come down to the plain and say to his fellows: "Come on —let's do it," but who will do it whether anybody comes or not.

WANTED: A MAN.

One who will take risks and dare defeat, but who truly believes that the day has not gone by when "One shall chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight."

WANTED: A MAN.

One who still believes in humanity, in spite of its frailties, its ingratitude, its shortened memory, its spinelessness and all those weaknesses that flesh is heir to; a man who will remember that Jesus gave Himself for just such "weaklings"— lived with them, loved them, died for them; a man, therefore, who will remember that "A servant is not greater than his master."

WANTED: A MAN.

One who has in him the stuff of which martyrs are made, which goes into the composition of heroes, but who never thinks of himself as a hero or martyr.

WANTED: A MAN.

Just one man. Not an army, nor a battalion, nor a regiment—not even a company. Just one man—that's all! One man. One such man in your town could work wonders. He could remove mountains. He could lift valleys. One man.

HOW ABOUT YOU?